

A
LETTER
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
A Character.



L O N D O N :

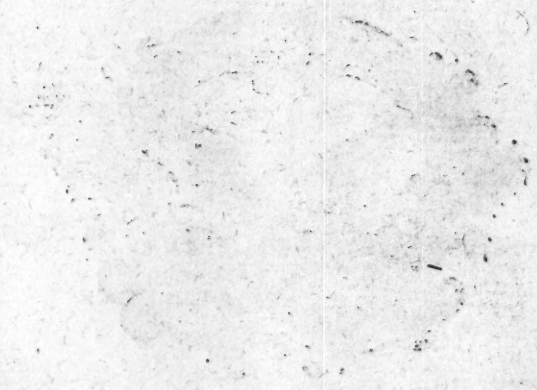
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LETTER

TO

A CHURCH



I

A

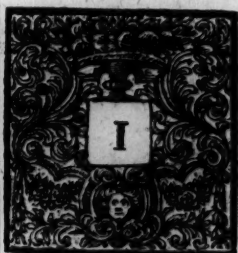


Sent

And



A
LETTER
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
A CHARACTER.



IF thou from Heav'n art sacredly in-
spir'd,
If, with a true Prophetick Rapture
fir'd,

Sent by th'Almighty to explode the Vice,
And crush the Pride of him thou wouldst chastise,

The inmost Thoughts of G—— to impart,
 And shew the wild Meanders of his Heart ;
 If God informs thee, his own time is come,
 That this Deceiver must receive his Doom.
 Put *FINIS* here: My forward Pen shall stop
 What follows to Annihilation drop,
 And him likewise: The Church with one accord
 Spews out th' Impostor, as a thing abhorr'd.

But if thy strenuous Inclinations press
 To these pernicious Latitudes at Guess ;
 If 'tis (as some would have it seem to be)
 Wrath's strange Diffusion, to extream Degree,
 Such sparkling Zeal as once appear'd in those
 Who fire from Heav'n wou'd hurl upon their Foes.

Remember then Man's furious ireful Rod
 Has never wrought the Righteousness of God ;
 Our best Attempts must find a dismal Stand,
 When we presume to take his Work in Hand :

Witness

Witness poor *Uzzah*, who, with duteous Thought,
 Undoubtedly his own Destruction wrought.
 Too often seen, when we project a Cause
 Of serving God; we violate his Laws,
 Forget to deal the Dole we'd wish to chuse,
 As by th' *Adultress* did th' insidious *Jews*.

Is *G——n* then, as thou dost represent,
 A base Dissembler, with design'd Assent,
 That prates of Christ he never means t' obey?
 If so, true Atheism must his Bosom sway,
 Self-Love wou'd else provoke him to intend
 Once in his Life to seek so good a Friend.

'Tis hard to judge, and worse to bring in view
 Before the World, what may, or mayn't be true:
 A ha, the Captious prompt enough to sound,
 Vilest of *Miscreants* your Assembly's bound.

Blackest of Blackness, hardned then indeed,
Whereat a pious Christian's Heart wou'd bleed.

I'm not for blinding Reason: Others see,
And grieve at G——n's Faults as well as thee;
He's counsell'd, check'd, admonish'd, and reprov'd:
Such Management has always best behov'd
The meek Disciples of the Christ of Heav'n,
Peace-making Saints, to whom Adoption's giv'n.

God searches Hearts, and strictly tries the Reins,
And shews proud Man what his own Thought contains:

To him alone Conversion's Task belongs,
Strife and Dissention to opprobrious Tongues;
Fire mix'd with Fire exasperates the Heat,
Calm Water soonest can the Cure compleat;
Conviction seldom's from Aspersions bred,
And who would not his Brother's Hardning dread.

The

The Dev'l can ne'er grow worse,
yet when in Strife

With him, Prince *Michael*, arm'd with Pow'r and Life,
No storming Clangor foil'd his sacred Lips,
From him no railing Accusation slips,
But leaves the Fiend to wise *Jehovah's* Will,
Whose best Rebukes are most expedient still ;
His healing Stripes most prevalent and right,
The prop'rest time perspicuous to his Sight ;
To him pertains, as Truth himself declares,
Season and Means of plucking up the Tares ;
Whereof (r'embellish his selected Flock)
Some must remain 'till Times compleating shock,
'Till Filial Pow'rs with reverential Care
Their glitt'ring Sickles brandish thro' the Air,
God's gen'ral Harvest gladly to collect,
When ev'ry Cause shall find its due Effect :
E'ith' Interim nought in fruitless Silence sleeps,
All-active Nature constant Progress keeps ;

Each

Each thing proceeds (since faulty *Adam's* Curse)
From good to better, or from bad to worse.

Where fierce Ambition sticks his pois'nous Dart,
And spreads its Rancor thro' the yielding Heart,
It cheats the Senses, fires the dazzling View,
Presents all Objects (like it self) untrue,
Flies on at Random in a full Career
Of false Imaginations, free from Fear,
With vicious Judgment blinded Man sometimes
Is suffer'd long to multiply his Crimes,
Swim smoothly on in black Delusion's Streams,
And feed on painted Thoughts, and gawdy Dreams,
He sucks the Venom with extream Delight,
And to himself's the greatest Hypocrite.

'Till the Almighty's pow'rful Arm extend
To snatch the Prey from the devouring Fiend,
And quench in Floods of his restoring Grace
The sweltring Brand's exuberated Blaze.

This

This ~~G~~'s Case may be, or may be thine,
 (A nat'ral Vice can easiest undermine.)

Were it not safer thou hadst paus'd a while,
 And dealt Correction in a gentler Style;
 With vig'rous Flights of thine elab'rate Pen,
 Display'd the Dangers of deluded Men,
 How trap'd and snar'd, how captive, blinded they,
 Seduc'd by Sin do sadly rove astray,
 In moving Lines the Precipices shown,
 Prepar'd for Souls by *Satan* overthrown.

From upright Rules, where sound Experience shines
 In melting Accents, not in stabbing Lines,
 Declar'd the Method, Pleasure, Peace, and Gain,
 Of true Conversion to the poor Prophane.
 How graciously the bless'd Redeemer waits
 To free the Heart from Sin's destructive Baits,

Discharge th' imperious Frenzy, cleanse the Eyes
 From Affectation's Scales, and foul Disguise,
 Drive out the Foe that tyrannizes King,
 And lead the Soul where Streams of Virtue spring.

What high Delights this happy Change wou'd find,
 What Comforts flow to the regen'rate Mind,
 All sweet Serenity, all bless'd Increase,
 Substantial Treasures of eternal Peace.

Thrice prosperous then had thine alluring Streins
 Reduc'd Back-sliders with successful Pains,
 By sacred Impulse call'd the Rambler where
 Life's verdant Pastures in their Bloom appear;
 For those that are with lib'ral Talents stor'd,
 T'improve in Service of their bounteous Lord,
 Reclaiming Sinners from the Steps of Woe,
 And righteous Paths to the ungodly Show,
 Shall nobly shine with pure resplendent Rays
 In God's perpetual Firmament of Praise.

What

What Solace hence wou'd to the Sheep accrew,
 The heav'nly Shepherd gladdened with the View.
 Triumphal Joys from ardent Fervour rous
 Through Hosts of Angels o'er returning Souls.

'Tis not my Aim to match thy tow'ring Quill
 In fluid Streams of Elegance and Skill;
 Nor has my Genius Pregnancy or Strength
 To equallize thy daring Satyr's Length:
 Be'ng of no Party, careful none to please,
 But of the Church desire the Good and Ease,
 Which single Motive holds the whole Designs
 Of these (I hope) few inoffensive Lines.

*I crave only the Favour of a common Phrase,
 viz. a Trip of the Tongue is no Fault of the Mind.
 Excuse want of Eloquence, and Errors in Gram-
 mar, being no Scholar, but*

Thy Friend.

FINIS.